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Original Poetry.

MEHERRIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Tis thus I wander when distrest,
By lone Meherrin's stream;
And gazing on its placid breast,
Bright thoughts around me beam.

It's quiet calmness teaches me
To soothe my rising woe;
And in a pleasing sympathy,
My passions like it flow.

The truant leaves float gaily on
Its sky reflecting deep;
And when I'm friendless and forlorn,
'Tis here I come to weep.

In this deep valley I can rest
In solitude profound;
Or climb yon ivied summit's crest
And gaze, enraptured round

On wood, and field, and hill and dale,
And cottage, and its shade—
Ah, these are charms that never fail,
And ne'er can be pourtrayed!

And where yon leaping brook doth part
Two little sister hills;
Deep, deep it's music in my heart
Dispels intruding ills.

Here every sound that stirs the air,
In calmest transport dies;
And every sight doth pleasure share
To my delighted eyes.

And when I'm dead, no fitter place
For my abode could seem,
Than some green hill that laves its base
In lone Meherrin's stream.

There I could rest amidst the sight,
And sounds that were so dear;
While some stray Poet with delight,
Should find my lonely bier.

And there in pleasure sympathize
In feelings few can know;
And then a tear might dim the eyes,
For him who lay below! R. F. A.

Original Tales.

ADRIAN DORIA; Or, The Exiled Noble.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY W. J. HARRIS, M. D.

"Is love then foolish?" said St. Johns.
"Can you doubt it?" answered Hamilton. "It makes a man think more of another than himself. I know not a greater proof of folly."—*Bulwer.*

PART I.—THE CASTLE.

On the morning of a damp, misty, disagreeable day, about the commencement of the fourteenth century, two persons, in earnest conversation, were walking at a rapid pace along one of the narrow streets of the little village of Savona, leading from the lower and most indifferent portion of the town bordering on the quay,—which was usually appropriated as a fish market—up to the more cleanly and elegant part, studded by handsome private buildings, and frowned upon by the majestic and impregnable castles of the feudal Barons, or petty sovereigns of the neighboring domain. One of these persons was a tall, gaunt, mustached Italian, dressed in a dark suit, richly braided with gold, a costume well known in the village as the livery of the powerful and wealthy house of *Doria.* This individual strode forward as if little pleased with his locality, cursing the mud and water he was compelled to wade through, and scarce deigning to bestow a glance of contempt on the filthy and dilapidated tenements around him. So rude and haughty were his manners to the passengers he met on the narrow side walks, that the poorer class of citizens shrunk with as great horror and fear from his path, as if he had been an Eccelin or Visconti.

His companion, a low, square-shouldered man, whose short stride and rolling motion scarcely enabled him to keep within ear-shot of the other, might be easily recognised as a stranger to "terra firma," and whose style of dress—which for ages resisted most successfully the encroachments of fashion—would point out, more particularly, his *calling* as being that of a fisherman.

"I like not being seen so far from the quay," said the uneasy fisherman, as by an increase of speed he approached nearer his haughty and insolent guide, "a citizen of Genoa meets but slight civility, these times, in Savona."

"Fear not, simpleton," replied his companion, "is there a man in Savona who would dare to touch a hair of thy stupid head whilst thou art in the service of Lord Adrian Doria?"

"I have been too little in Savona," said the other, "to know what respect is paid to thy master. I only know that I am far beyond the limits prescribed to us by the officers of the town, and therefore liable to punishment. As long as I confine myself to my boat on the quay, I have no fears of being molested—indeed the officers allow us many privileges to induce us to bring our fish here instead of carrying them to Genoa, and the market is so good that we only keep enough to prevent being suspected by the officers of Genoa."

"Thou art ignorant of everything except what concerns thy mean and contemptible employment," replied the Italian, with a sneer, "if thou knowest not that my master is superior even to the laws of Savona; even as one may be *master* of a thing which he has himself made. Is not Savona governed by a Doria and a Spinola?"

"It profits me but little, in these dangerous times," said the unsophisticated fisherman, "to enquire into any thing which does not concern my own business. I only wish to know which is the best market for my fish, and I care not whether they are eaten by Guelf or Ghibelin, so that I am well paid."

"Thou hast neither honesty nor patriotism who canst not choose between your exiled citizens and the usurpers of your country. To a good citizen's ear the name of Guelf should be as hateful as that of Jew or Musselman," retorted the indignant Italian, "but mend thy snail's pace and I will conduct thee to a master whom you will delight to serve unless thou art the meanest of thy craft—"

Leaving the fisherman and his guide, whose name was Castruccio, to pursue their way, we will give a short sketch of the politics of Genoa, and explain why the little village of Savona had become the residence and stronghold of her exiled nobles.

Until the middle of the twelfth century, Genoa, like many other cities of Lombardy, was governed by consuls, elected annually by the people, who commanded her armies and navies, and attended to the administration of civil justice. But about this period a total change was wrought in the politics of Italy by Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany. Heretofore the Italian States, yielded a nominal subjection to the Otho of Saxony, (the predecessors of Frederick on the throne of Germany) each a petty sovereignty, carrying on war among themselves, and increasing or lessening their territories according to the success that attended them. But Frederick was not satisfied with the nominal submission which had satisfied his predecessors, and would not consent to wear the august title of "Emperor of the Romans" as an empty name.

Collecting a large army, the descendants of the ancient Huns, he proved to Italy the Alaric of the middle ages, devastating her plains and plundering her cities, nor did he retire from the field until he had placed his podestà over every city of Lombardy.

To the reign of Frederick Barbarossa, the two parties which were distinguished by the names of Guelfs and Ghibelins, date their origin—names afterwards so celebrated as the rallying words for centuries, of families, cities and kingdoms. The Guelfs derived their name from the houses of Bavaria and Brunswick; the Ghibelins from a branch of the house of Swabia. These distinctions of party were at first confined to the countries north of Italy in which they originated; but the Pope having declared himself the head of a League to resist the encroachments of Frederick, these titles came in use to denote their respective parties; the Imperialists were called Ghibelins; and the opposite or rival term of Guelfs was applied to the followers of the Holy See. These factions being intimately known through every city and village of Italy, their respective names were not only applied to those who were active partizans of the Pope or Emperor, but became, like the modern terms of Whig and Tory, applicable as an index of abstract principles and political opinions.

The nobility of the Italian cities being generally imperialists, and opposed to the mass of people who were republicans, these party distinctions found a more permanent existence by designating these classes, and remained as the watchwords of aristocracy and liberty long after the parties, to which they had been first applied, were lost in the revolutions of politics; so that after Frederick Barbarossa was completely defeated in the famous battle of Legnano, and restored to the Lombard League their independence by the peace of Constance, the two factions of Guelf and Ghibelin retained their separate existence as parties, and are indissolubly connected with the bloody struggles made by the various usurpers to overthrow the governments of the Italian cities.

The Ghibelin faction, headed by Matteo Visconti, wrested from Milan her recently recovered freedom; Verona fell a sacrifice to the ambition of Della Scala of the same political creed, and Carrara, also a Ghibelin, usurped the government of Padua. Florence long preserved her liberties under the guardian shield of her Guelf Society, and, by a fortunate balance of power among four of her most influential families, Genoa did not call Boccanegra to the Signiory until the middle of the fourteenth century. These four families,—the Grimaldi and Fieschi of the Guelf; the Spinola and Doria of the Ghibelin party, kept the city in a continued state of revolution; but owing to a nearly equal distribution of power and jealousies which existed even among families of the same political faction, neither gained a decided superiority until the year 1318, when the Guelfs obtained the ascendancy, and their rivals under their leaders, the Doria and Spinola were expelled from the city. The Ghibelins, obtaining assistance from their party in the neighboring states, laid siege to Genoa, and fixed their head-quarters at the neighboring village of Savona. The command of the sea being still in the hands of the enemy, all their efforts to reduce the city, up to the time of which we speak, had proved unavailing.

Having given a slight sketch of the two great parties which so long disturbed the peace of Italy, and at this time produced a feud between the citizens of Genoa, of which the exile of a part of her nobility and a civil war was the consequence, we will return from the digression and trace the steps of Castruccio and his companion. Passing from Vittio to better parts of the town, they at length reached a quarter which was truly magnificent; on one hand was reared an immense Cathedral with its grand front and massive doors; gorgeous hangings decorated its interior, and the glittering cross high above the cupola, by its beauty and associations, exhibiting a significant emblem of the character of the building over which it stood; on the other rose a splendid palace which, perhaps, had been indebted to some plundered temple of antique building for its marble pillars and fluted cornice. Before the one the laurel waved, to be woven into wreaths for the victor's brow; around the other to shade his tomb the dark green cypress moaned. Further on met the eye the architecture of the East and the West. The Moresque fronted the Grecian, and in miniature representation, the light and richly embellished Alhambra contrasted with the chaste and majestic Parthenon. Now before them rises the Gothic battlements of a feudal castle, lording it over the more elegant and polished styles of the other, by its strength and austerity, as its northern founders had ruled by force and ferocity their more effeminate and enlightened architects; this was the castle of Gian Doria, the chief of his house and name, the ablest and most powerful leader of the Ghibelin exiles. This castle had long been the refuge and strong hold of his family, whenever the petty feuds of the nobility, or the tumults of citizens forced them from the city. Intended for either a residence or a fortress its apartments were spacious and splendid, and its defences tenable against the engines of war then in use. An exile from his native city, the noble Doria now resided within the walls of this fortress, and as the head of his banished brethern directed their efforts to regain an entrance into Genoa. In its halls their councils were held, and from its gates their decrees were sent forth to be executed.

As Castruccio and the fisherman entered its ample court, now thronged with adventurers from the South of Europe, together with brigands from Germany, [illegible] swarmed over Italy and seized the lion's portion in [illegible] domestic quarrel of her petty states and sovereignties, [illegible] latter gazed with fear and astonishment on the m[illegible] walls and their savage inmates, shuddering as he [illegible] the loud clang of the iron gate as it closed behind [illegible]. On the grand stairs of the building lounged so[illegible] these armed retainers, others loitered about the co[illegible] loud conversation, or were engaged in burnishing [illegible] armor; while others armed cap a pie, as if about [illegible] out on a foraging party, passed to and fro acro[illegible] court, their heavy boots tramping and spurs jingl[illegible] the marble pavement, while around the court a [illegible] grooms led neighing steeds ready barbed and capa[illegible] for instant service on the road or the field. The fisherman, as he met the gaze of their fierce eyes and looked on their blood thirsty countenances, [illegible]ed closely in the steps of his guide as if he thought [illegible] tattered garb would not be sufficient protection [illegible] their appetites for plunder—at the same time [illegible] but little to palliate his fears to know that [illegible] whom they served was superior to the law. [illegible] a lofty flight of steps they entered the grand [illegible] of the castle, in which were groups of pages and [illegible] of "fair degree" assembling to pay their morning [illegible] to their noble lord. Without heeding the jests [illegible] ment elicited from each witty gallant or mischievous page at the ungainly person, and amazed and terrified countenance of the fisherman, Castruccio led the way [illegible] hall through a long corridor to the western [illegible] of the building, and leaving his charge in an antechamber, with orders to remain until he returned, passed to the chamber of his master Adrian Doria.

The young noble we are about to introduce to the reader, was a near relative of the lord of the castle, and having been early left an orphan and placed under the protection of his powerful kinsman, the ties which existed between Gian Doria and his nephew were nearly allied to those of parent and child. Previous to the late contests in Genoa, which resulted in the expulsion of his family, Adrian had been a votary of love and dissipation rather than a dabbler in the schemes and politics of the age; and not thinking that a difference of political creed detracted a beam from the eye of beauty, or changed in aught the heart of a friend, when summoned to join the standard of his house, he was grieved to find that many of those to whom he had pledged his heart and his wine cup were numbered with the political opponents of his party—what budding loves, what warm friendships were severed by that unwelcome, yet imperious call to arms! When he bid adieu to the fair [illegible] of halls, now closed to their once welcome guest, many a bright eye was dimmed with its "pearl-drop [illegible]row," and many were the prayers whispered for the safe and speedy return of the young cavalier; and with embraces of his old companions yet warm on his bosom he buckled on his armor and mounted his charger to meet them in battle. To his warm heart it was a heavy blow to sever at a stroke those bonds of love and sympathy which had commenced with his existence and strengthened with his growth, and to separate them under a[illegible] in support of a cause, the objects of which were hidden in the unfathomable labyrinths of politics; he knew not its advantages or disadvantages, its justice or injustice, but led on blindly and unhesitatingly by a duty which every member of an Italian family is taught to consider the most sacred of his life—to fly to the aid of his house whate'er the time, place, or circumstance, when that house calls "to the rescue." Yet Adrian was no carpet [illegible]night whose only delight had been to sing in his ladye's [illegible]wer, or wear her favor victorious through the bloodless [illegible]urney. Though young he had nobly won his spurs [illegible] bloody fields; and in battles against the neighboring [illegible]tates and Condottieri who infested Italy (the best lances [illegible]f the age) he had kept his saddle and reined his steed [illegible]y the side of his redoubted kinsman whether in the [illegible]harge or melee.

The young Ghibelin nobility were but little pleased with the change which robbed them of the pleasures and [illegible]ieties of Genoa, and substituted the rigid discipline of [illegible]e army and meagre enjoyments of Savona; and many [illegible]aring and hair-breadth escapes are recorded of them, as [illegible]y passed, to and from the city, like Nisus and Euryalus, through sleeping hosts to guard the troth of some fickle maid or drain, with their old associates, the cup of revelry. It was not probable that one so warm of heart and susceptible to the charms of beauty as the young [illegible]tria[illegible] had escaped with heart unscathed; and, indeed, rumor had announced his conquest, by a fair daughter [illegible] the house of Grimaldi, in tones so loud that it had reached the ears of Gian Doria, who warned his nephew that a union could never take place between a Doria and a Grimaldi. Twice had Adrian effected an entrance into Genoa by means of ingenious disguises; and kneeling before the altar, in the Cathedral of Santa Magdalena, whispered love instead of prayer in the ear of the beautiful Imilda. A third time he was about to make the same attempt, and thinking it more easily accomplished by water than land, had sent his valet in search of a [illegible] fisherman—but it is past eleven o'clock, so we will follow Castruccio to his chamber.

Soon after leaving the fisherman, Castruccio entered a small apartment which served as an anti-chamber to the bed-room of his master—the sole occupant of this room was a handsome youth who sat near the casement poring over the soiled and tattered leaves of a M. S. which appeared to be either an old romance or work on heraldry. This page alone had the privilege of entering the chamber of Adrian while he slept—and that no one might enter without his knowledge the couch on which he slept was drawn across the door-way.

"Sir Page," said Castruccio, who had entered the room unobserved by the youthful aspirant to knighthood, "does Lord Adrian yet sleep? I have a report to make to his lordship, and it is waning late for his enterprise."

"Come in," said Adrian, for ere the page could be roused from his book, his watchful ear had caught the words of his valet.

"Well Castruccio, what success on the quay this morning?" he continued, as he yawned himself out of restless slumber, and drew his hand across his brow as if to raise the misty veil of sleep. "Methinks last night's storm must have forced some of the craft to seek shelter in our port."

"I have succeeded in finding one who consents for a large fee to take a passenger to Genoa," replied the valet.

"It is not thus I would go," said the young noble, "I must be master of the boat and not a passenger."

"You can manage that as it may please your lordship, the fisherman is in your power."

"Did you take the precaution to bring him with you to the castle? There is little confidence to be placed in their promises."

"I left him, a moment since, in the chamber at the end of the corridor," replied Castruccio.

"Bring him before me, he must furnish me with a disguise, and remain in the castle until I return. It must not be known to his crew, as more would be given, in Genoa, for a Doria than they will get for his passage," resumed Adrian—and while Castruccio left the room he arose from his bed and slipping on a rich robe-de-chambre and pair of slippers, seated himself to interrogate the fisherman.

By the time Adrian had seated himself in a large arm chair, his visage, recovered from the efforts at yawning, resumed its usual complaisance, and a slight smile was gradually diffusing itself over his handsome face, perhaps from anticipated pleasures of his approaching visit to the fair Imilda. His rich velvet robe was thrown loosely around his light and graceful figure. From beneath a silk cap of varied hue, his dark hair escaped in long and profuse ringlets combed back from a high and expanded forehead, unwrinkled by time or care. His face would have been considered beautiful and effeminate, but for the fiery brilliancy of his large black eyes, and the jet black mustachio curled up from his lip, after the fashion of the age. The bloom of twenty summers had yielded rather to the bleaching powers of dissipation than the embrowning influence of an Italian sun, yet leaving his complexion clear and healthful. His small foot encased in an embroidered slipper, and fair, jewelled hand seemed better fitted for the soft carpet of a drawing-room and delicate service of a gallant, than the iron stirrups and heavy lance of the warrior; but a martial air was given to his slender figure and uncommon beauty by his chivalric bearing and proud carriage, combined with a thoughtful and occasional stern expression of countenance which could nevertheless melt into a smile as soft and captivating as that of a *Guisar.* His position was easy and negligee. One hand hung carelessly over the arm of his chair—his head thrown back and his countenance half serene—half smiling, as if dwelling on a pleasing *abstraction*—with the other hand he was unconsciously thumping a dressing case with a large signet ring—the device on which was "an Ospray perched upon an anchor"—presented to his father by the Republic of Genoa, as a reward for his gallantry at the battle of Meloria in which he crushed the whole naval force of Pisa so long her formidable rival. His thoughts, whatever they might be, were interrupted by the return of Castruccio with the fisherman.

"The man your lordship desired to see," said Castruccio, whose entrance had not roused Adrian from his reverie.

"A fisherman, and from Genoa," said Adrian starting up and looking at the stranger.

"I claim not a home on land," he replied, "it is more uncertain, these days, than the water."

"True; but you take your fish to Genoa."

"Oh! yes—as long as I have a cargo of fish I am welcomed at Genoa or Savona."

"So you pass as a neutral with both parties."

"When I get into port the officers protect me, but if their vessels catch me out at sea both rob me of my fish or force me to take what they choose to give. But I take no part in the wars on land."

"Are you closely examined before you are allowed to enter the port of Genoa," enquired Adrian.

"Not unless the Governor of Navalia is in want of fish, he then throws out signals for us to come in, which we are bound to obey."

"Is your boat a swift sailer," said Adrian musingly, "and the crew to be trusted?"

"The Santa Maria," said the fisherman with warmth, "is as good as ever skimmed the gulf—and the crew as well acquainted with the coast as belong to any craft of Genoa."

"It is well," said Adrian, "much may be required of both; but is the wind fair?"

"As good as could be wished—blowing strong up the gulf."

"By what hour will I be able to reach the city?" enquired Adrian.

"If the wind continues as strong as it does now the Santa Maria can run there by twilight; but to do it by that time you must leave very soon," replied the fisherman, who much preferred trusting himself to the mercy of old Neptune than to the brigands he saw in the court.

"Then give me the citizen suit of black velvet, Castruccio," said Adrian.

"And you—but what is thy name?"

"Antonio Pietti."

"Then do you, good Antonio, lend me thy huge sur coat and slouched hat. I think they will completely disguise me, and the winds are not so raw in our castle that you will need their covering," said Adrian, as he scanned the countenance of the astonished and terrified Antonio.

"I—I stay—remain here in the castle, my lord?" said Antonio, scarcely able to articulate.

"Why not?" replied Adrian, "we could not cheat the officer of Genoa into the belief that both of us are the representatives of thy former self, although I hope to make him believe that I alone am—and methinks you will not find, in our castle, fare less dainty than you have been accustomed to—but," he continued, "dost think I can personate thy broad shoulders and echo thy *voix brusque?*"

"But, my lord, I came here under the impression that you would be a passenger. Is it just, my lord, that my boat should be taken from me and I deprived of my liberty?"

"Thou art too easily alarmed, worthy Antonio, thou shalt neither be robbed or imprisoned—take that," said Adrian, handing him a purse well filled with florins, "it contains more than the yearly profits of thy dangerous and uncertain occupation, and I think it will be light imprisonment to live here luxuriously for a few days."

"Thou hast paid me liberally," said the fisherman, "but what security have I that the other part of the engagement will be as faithfully complied with? This gold would enrich me but little if I can only count it o'er in a dungeon."

"My knightly word for thy release, if thy crew prove faithful, and enable me to return, but thy sense of honor cannot appreciate the inviolability of such a pledge," exclaimed the young noble, half in anger, half in pity.

Antonio made no reply, but appearing to acquiesce in what he could not prevent, deposited the purse securely in his bosom, and taking off his coat and hat, placed them at the disposal of Adrian, who now proceeded to dress himself in the citizen suit, taking great care that no article of dress or device of his House should appear about his person to distinguish him from an ordinary citizen of Genoa. Over his suit of velvet he put on a fine chain hauberc and belted on a short heavy sword, in case they might be needed during his passage. But these were concealed from observation by the ample folds of the weather-worn surcoat of Antonio drawn closely around his slender figure by a red handkerchief, which the fisherman had worn about his neck. The broad brimmed hat drawn well down over his fair brow and dark locks, completed his disguise. Thus equipped, having obtained the passport of Antonio and an order from the same that his crew should obey him implicitly, and having also taken care to get a certificate from the proper officers to enable him to pass the cruisers of Savona unmolested, Adrian left the castle and proceeded to take the command of Antonio's boat, leaving the fisherman a prisoner in the castle, under the surveillance of Castruccio.

PART II.—THE CHASE.

"Fierce bounding, forward sprung the ship,
Like greyhound starting from the slip,
To seize his flying prey."—*The Lord of the Isles.*

A few leagues to the west of Genoa and forming the extreme verge of her harbor in that direction is a small isle, rising like a bouquet of green verdure from the blue waters of the gulf. This island was celebrated, at that time, as a resort of pleasure for the young nobles and fair dames of that luxurious city. Its favorable situations—sheltered on the north and west from inland currents and Alpine blast, and by a fair exposure catching the soft and balmy breezes of the south, which tempered its summer heat, rendered its climate more genial and less changeable than that of the more exposed mistress of the Tuscan sea. Its [illegible] sporting places for sports and martial exercises to the youth of Genoa, shut up on land as they were by a besieging army. Its baths were delightful; its various games unchecked by civil or domestic authority were alluring attractions for the luxurious and dissipated; its beautiful vales and shady retreats pleased the scholar and sentimentalist; its fruits and fish delighted the Apician taste of the voluptuary. A spring, which appeared perpetual, with its rich foliage and beautiful flowers; the undulating plains seeming a continuation of the heaving billows; every beauty and every delicacy of land and sea to captivate the mind or gratify the senses, made it not an ignoble rival of the isle of Calypso, or of the famous retreat of the imperial voluptuary of Rome. Although it could not boast of a queen as lovely as the fabled goddess of Goza or a count as magnificent as that of the Roman tyrant at Capra, yet the fairest and noblest of Genoa often escaped the crowd and restraints of the besieged city to enjoy its purer air and more dainty fare. Rendered secure, by being a naval station of Genoa, (from which it took its name of Navalia) of annoyance from the little armament of Savona, it afforded a safe and pleasant retreat from the inconveniences and uncertainty of grim visaged war. After several days of stormy and tempestuous weather the wind at length ceased, and the lowering clouds disappeared from the heavens, leaving the atmosphere purer, and the rays of the declining sun brighter as

"O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows."

and drawing forth the weather bound inmates of the village to wander through its delightful groves or over its pebbled beach to gaze on the tranquil ocean and inhale its sweet refreshing breezes. On such an eve a company of young nobles were strolling about the port seeking some sport or mischief to beguile their idle hours, when their attention was attracted by the angry voice and enraged appearance of the officer of the station, who appeared to be making signs to a small craft, passing by in the direction of Genoa to *come in,* but which were either unheard or unheeded by the careless captain.

"What boat is that?" cried the enraged officer to a look-out on duty.

"It appears to be a fisherman," said the look-out, "and from the rigging old Antonio."

"He would not dare to pass thus unless asleep or intoxicated," said the officer.

"He is carrying his fish to a better market," exclaimed one of the youths who had been drawn to the place by the noise of the captain.

"He shall pay the price of his impudence—man the barge," he bawled out to the boatswain, rather impatient at seeing the fish escape him than anxious to examine the craft.

"Do you intend to overhaul him?" said the young noble.

"Yes," replied the officer, "we will see if force will be as unavailing as threats."

"Then let me command the boat," eagerly exclaimed the young Donati. "Come Lorenzo, Guido, we will have a fine chase, and a good supper to boot—what say you, captain?"

"Agreed," said the officer, "but await until I can order some soldiers to assist you in case they offer resistance."

"We'll have none but the oarsmen," exclaimed the bold youth—"and if they resist it will be good sport to cross swords with the knave," and ere he had finished speaking he sprang into the boat, followed by his two companions, and the chase commenced.

Before the barge could be gotten *well off,* the boat of old Antonio (for such it proved to be) was a full half mile in advance, and, with a fair wind, was rapidly entering the harbor of Genoa. The oarsmen of the barge were practiced and expert, and the little skiff bounded forward "like a thing of life" scarce deigning to touch the wave as she darted from the bended oars. The chase had continued an hour; the oarsmen, excited and encouraged by the anxiety and liberal promises of Donati and his companion, plied with unflagging spirit their well concerted strokes, and in spite of every particle of canvass which the fisherman unreefed from his mast, the distance which separated them at the commencement of the chase was lessened by more than half; yet the undaunted helmsman of the flying craft still held his course regardless of the threats of his pursuers, hoping that he would be able to reach the city and escape the contest in which the odds were so fearfully against him; for without a desperate defence he had resolved not to be taken back to Navalia to meet the angry officer whose signals and threats he had so totally disregarded. The young nobles seeing that the chase must soon terminate—at one moment aroused their men to their utmost exertions, at the next hurled threats of vengeance and destruction at the fisherman unless he hauled down his sails; but as well might they have essayed to stay the course of the reckless wind or tide by words of command as to check that of the fugitive. He stood quietly at the helm not appearing to hear, or, if he did, not to mind their fierce denunciations; one moment seeming to measure the distance between them with a careless glance, then turning as indifferently to view the city he was rapidly approaching, but no command issued from his lips to slacken a thread of canvass, nor did a thought of surrender, for a moment, enter his mind. His cowardly crew had several times entreated that they might stop the boat in order to escape the threats of their pursuers, saying that they only desired to get possession of their fish, and would then permit them to pursue their way unmolested.

"They shall not have one unless they walk over my corpse," calmly replied their helmsman, who thought that he recognized the voice which hailed him, and resolved "to do or die" rather than place himself at his mercy.

By this time the sun had sunk below the horizon, and the short twilight would soon have left both parties in darkness, but

"The queen of night asserts her silent reign,"

tinging the blue wave with a clear but milder light. No circle "prophetic of the storm" threw its hazy curtain o'er her bright disc—not a span of fleecy cloud cast its shadow upon the deep, and the world seemed to have lost only the scorching heat and dazzling rays of the departed sun by the change of day into night. The snow-white sail of the flying craft moved majestically onward, and the well-timed oars of the barge flanked her sides with "phosphoric fire." A change came o'er the scene—the distant roar of breakers was no longer heard—the gentle murmur of the breeze died away—and the rippled waves became as smooth as a mirror—lo! the wind had ceased—the sail which had borne the fisherman so gallantly and so successfully beyond the utmost exertions of his pursuers now hung idly by the mast, and the cleft waves no longer foam around her prow. The pursuers first perceived their advantage, and by a burst of exultation informed the fisherman and his crew that they were becalmed.

Undaunted by a misfortune which appeared to deprive him of every chance of escape by flight, the commander of the chase called together his scanty crew, consisting of only two men and a youth, and stating to them the impossibility of escape, ordered them to arm themselves to defend the boat. This command they obstinately refused to obey, saying that they would certainly be overpowered, taken and carried back to Navalia to suffer death for bearing arms against the republic. All the exhortations, entreaties, and threats of their commander proved unavailing to arouse and sustain their cowardly spirits. Even when he declared his determination to defend the boat alone, not an arm was proffered to assist him or a voice of resistance responded to his own. The boy, indeed seemed moved by his words and example, for slipping back to the cabin, he soon reappeared with a long butchers knife and heavy cudgel, and was going forward to offer their services in lieu of sword and buckler, when he felt the hand of his father laid roughly on his shoulder, and received from his paternal lips such threats of punishment for his conduct that the knife and bludgeon dropped on the deck, and allowing his generous impulse to yield to filial obedience he retraced his steps back to the cabin, unable to bear the angry and contemptuous glance with which his commander regarded his father and companion. Adrian (whom the reader may have already recognised [illegible] under the disguise of old Antonio) seeing the impossibility of inducing them to assist in defending the boat, commanded them to reef the sail which was flapping loosely against the mast, and then to get as far as possible from his presence, which they executed with suitable despatch, and were soon standing at the prow of the boat, that being, they supposed, the place most remote from the point of the approaching attack.

The crew of the barge, perceiving by the reef of the sail, that every hope of escape had been abandoned, exasperated by the length of the chase, reiterated with double vehemence their former threats of punishments, while the exhausted oarsmen slackening their strokes, permitted the barge to glide slowly down on her expected prize. But far different was the reception they were about to meet from the easy conquest they anticipated. The movement which they considered a signal of submission was intended only to "clear the ship for action." The voice that gave the command faltered not with age or fear. And the hand which now rested on the quiet helm was soon to grasp another instrument. Adrian still remained at the helm unmoved by the storm which threatened; his only preparation for the coming conflict had been to untie the kerchief and unclasp the chain which bound the heavy and ample folds of his sea-faring coat about his neck and waist. A few moments of silence intervened as the barge approached the fisherman's craft, and the three young nobles, who stood ready to leap on board their prey as soon as she came within reach, began now to doubt the amicable appearance of her commander, whose fiery glance hurled defiance to their threats; while the pride and majesty of his graceful and slender person were ill concealed even by the full and uncouth dress which covered it.

"I like not yon fellow's keen eye and resolute countenance," said Donati to his companions. "We shall have work to master the sword that glitters through the opening of his seacoat. Lorenzo, do you look to his craven-hearted crew. Guido and I will test his spurious valour. I doubt not it will belie his proud and haughty air."

"If he has not courage, he counterfeits it well," replied Guido de Fieschi.

"I hope that he has," said Donati. "I had rather cross swords with a brave man, than punish a cowardly miscreant; and I think we have sufficient provocation to do either."

The boats had now almost come in contact—and as Adrian stood at the stern of one and Donati at the prow of the other, they were within a few yards of each other when the latter in a tone of bravado exclaimed,

"Thou cowardly fish-hawk, let us see if you can use your claw as well as you have done your wings." As he finished the sentence he leaped from his boat followed by his two companions shouting their cries of "Donati, Fieschi, to the rescue," thinking that the poor fisherman and his crew would be completely astounded by hearing the war-cry of two of the most powerful houses of Genoa. The words acted like magic on Adrian. The taunt of Donati induced him to think that his disguise had been detected, and that the epithet of *fish-hawk* had been used as a slur at the *motto* of his family. The names of Donati and Fieschi assured him that he stood before the noblest and most formidable rivals of his house—they had driven him from his home—confiscated his wealth—deprived him of the pleasures and luxuries of his native city; and what had wrought upon his feeling with tenfold anguish, had forced him from the society and neighborhood of the beautiful Imilda—add to this

"The stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel,"

and it would be difficult to imagine injuries and insults better calculated to "nerve the arm and steel the sword" of a brave and impetuous youth. To be detected, too, in entering the city in the disguise of the character of a fisherman, so far beneath his own birth and rank, when his only way of entry should have been through her widest gate in knightly armor, or, following the example of his father, leaping upon the wharf from the deck of his victorious galley, was a keen source of mortification to his vanity and pride. The wand of Bellona would not have wrought a more perfect metamorphosis in his appearance and actions than did the words of Donati. The dormant fire of his eyes seemed to kindle into flame—his slender person appeared expanded to twice its usual size—his bosom heaved—his cheek glowed with passion—with his right hand he grasped his sword, while with the left he tore from his waist the handkerchief and loosed from his shoulder the surcoat which felt like a cloak of dishonor. Donati and his companions recoiled a moment, at the sudden opposition before them—for the transfiguration of the old fisherman into the youthful and spirited warrior, was not less startling than if he had risen from the domain of Neptune—the old, rough, and soiled cloak seemed changed into a burnished coat of steel—the red 'kerchief, which had appeared only to confine its ample folds into the belt of his clanging scabbard, and the hand which had rested so quietly on the guiding helm, covered with a gauntlet of steel, now clutched a glittering brand. Adrian perceived their confusion and thundered back his own war-cry of "Ospray, Ospray, Doria to the rescue," in a voice of exultation, while his countenance relaxed into a triumphant smile; and well might they shrink to hear a name long the pride of heraldry, or fear to meet an arm which had already performed deeds that older warriors might envy.

Not a moment of respite was allowed Donati to recover his scattered senses, e'er his utmost skill was required to ward from his head a stroke from the sword of Adrian. The latter, well encased in defensive armor, cared but little to parry the strokes of their light swords which fell harmless on his mailed bosom,—but dealt his blows right and left on each antagonist with a quiet and nervous arm. Donati soon perceived the disadvantages under which he and his companion labored, ceased his useless strokes at the person of his antagonist and directed his expert swordsmanship to warding off his blows and attempts to disarm him, but his light sword had not sufficient strength to struggle with the heavier metal of Adrian's,—and after a few vain attempts to thrust the sword from the hand of his adversary, his own shivered to the hilt. The next stroke of Adrian's sword cleft his unprotected head, and he reeled backwards lifeless to the deck, and falling in reach of his crew who had remained fixed and inactive spectators of the scene, was dragged into the barge a bloody and ghastly corpse.

No doubt could now remain as to the issue of the combat. The crew of Antonio seeing Donati slain, either thinking that they would be held accountable, if taken, for his murder, or perceiving that Adrian would be victorious, exhibited sufficient signs of resistance to prevent Lorenzo from going to the succor of his friend, who, unprotected by defensive armor and lightly armed (for the swords which they wore, on leaving the port, were intended for shew rather than use) could not long stand the undivided attack of Adrian. Guido, unable to stand the heavier blows of his antagonist, as he retreated from his first position towards the side of the boat, made a false step and receiving a blow which rather stunned than severely wounded him was hurled over into the water, and with difficulty rescued from drowning by the crew of the barge.

Lorenzo, now left to contend single handed with his successful foe, and in a contest with such disparity of arms, seeing no hope of succeeding was content to ward off the attack of Adrian, while he effected a safe retreat into the barge—which the affrighted crew took care should be speedily separated from the fisherman's boat, so as to cut off the pursuit of his victorious antagonist.

The boats now separated, as if by mutual consent. And Adrian having pulled off beyond the moonlight view of the barge, threw out his sails to the freshening breeze, and rashly bent on continuing his course, steered into the harbor of Genoa. Lorenzo also directed the barge to be rowed into the same place, to give the alarm and bear to the vaults of his fathers, their ill-fated comrade.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

English Magazines.

THE COUNT VITERBO.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.

The slanting rays of the fast declining sun illuminated with sombre light the shadows cast by the projecting masses of the Appenines across a deep mountain gorge, whose recesses were more intensely darkened by the groves of dark pine-trees, interspersed with the wild oaks, which give such an enchanting richness to the landscapes of Italy. An eagle, poised high in air, bore far up on its bright and dazzling wings the full glow of sunshine, and seemed like a sapphire fixed in the deep blue firmament above, through which came faintly, one by one, the pale stars of evening, and mingled their feeble light with the expiring glories of the great orb of day. There was no moving object to diversify the scene. Earth lay calm in the now deepening shadows, and heaven looked meekly down; a faintly whispering breeze played mournfully among the cedar tops. It was an evening fitted to call forth the fondest aspirations of the human heart. Suddenly the deep silence was broken by the rushing of wheels over the flinty road; and, emerging from the gloomy depths of the mountain gorge, a carriage was whirled with resistless impetuosity. The horses, with wildly-gazing eyes, and manes floating on the air, rushed forward uncontrolled; for the seat of the driver was empty, and the reins hung in tangled masses about their feet. Piercing the heavy sounds of the chariot wheels, and audible above the thundering of the horses' hoofs, re-echoed from the granite sides of the pass through which they were hurrying, rose a faint scream—a white handkerchief was visibly waved to and fro from the window, as if intended for a signal of distress—but the screams grew gradually fainter, and in a short time the handkerchief was withdrawn. Meantime the four terrified horses continued their career, till at a winding of the valley they dashed against a chestnut tree, which fortunately detached it from the traces, and left the infuriated animals to plunge their desperate way down the steep sides of the precipice that formed one boundary of the narrow road. Crashing through bushes in their fall, and rebounding from rock to rock, the noble steeds struggled madly to dash their feet into the soil and stop their downward course—but all in vain. With nostrils wide distended, and blood pouring from every limb, they toiled and wrestled with their fate. The deep abyss swallowed them up; and the wild vulture, scenting his carrion from afar, floated madly downward from the topmost peak of the mountain, from which he had been a spectator of their fate. His talons were fixed in the still quivering flank of one of the horses, which turned its dying eyes in terror on its ruthless destroyer; but, with a hoarse croak, the vulture darted his beak into the maddened charger's side, and a moment of fearful agony put an end to its woes for ever.

The carriage, which had been arrested by the projecting trunk of the chestnut, was broken into several pieces by the shock. Low sounds, as if of a person in a troubled dream, were now heard to issue from the portion of it which still held together; and gradually the inarticulate sounds shaped themselves into words, and a soft voice repeated several times, "Giannetta! Giannetta! where art thou?" The fair sufferer seemed scarcely eighteen years of age. Her long raven black hair lay in wild clusters over her pallid cheeks, like night upon a lily; and the silken lashes that veiled her still closed eyes were black and glossy as the raven's wing. Her slim and graceful figure was enveloped in a mantle of black Genoa velvet of the richest texture; and her elegantly-formed foot was protected by richly colored silk stockings and white satin shoes. "Giannetta!" she said, "art thou killed?" but no answer was returned. She opened her eyes timidly, as if afraid to discover the full misery of her situation; and closed them again, convulsively exclaiming—"Holy Virgin! I am alone." After a few minutes' relapse into her former state, she rapidly sprang up, leapt down from the seat, and gazed round her. Night had begun suddenly to close in; and in the distance the low growl of an advancing thunderstorm was heard. The landscape had become more shadowy beneath the approaching tempest, and the depths of the ravine, over which she was standing, were from time to time illuminated by fitful flashes of the electric fluid. "Holy mother! what a fearful night!" exclaimed Fedorina, clasping her hands: "but Giannetta and Pardomo are sure to pursue the carriage: they will follow the course the wild horses ran along, and will overtake me ere it be quite dark. I will go and meet them."

Giannetta was the waiting-woman of Fedorina, and Pardomo was her male attendant. At the village in which they had stopped to change horses, while the domestics were busy in hurrying the people of the inn, the chargers, who had not yet been loosed from their harness, had been alarmed by some cause or other, and had galloped forward till arrested in the dreadful manner we have described.

Fedorina, wrapping her mantle closely round her, and taking in her hand a small bundle of wearing apparel, started forward; but, in the darkness of the night, and the agitation of her spirits, she proceeded in the opposite direction from that which she intended, and strained her eyes amid the increasing darkness in looking for her attendants. She paused every now and then to listen, but nothing met her ear but the distant booming of the thunder among the hills, and the wild rush of the wind, which, in fits and starts, made itself heard among the pines. Fatigue at last combined with terror and anxiety to exhaust her strength. She was just on the point of resigning herself to her fate in despair, when, through a deep vista of the mountain-path, she saw a light. Hope renewed her strength, and she hurried forward, muttering a prayer of thanksgiving to her patron saint, and sank exhausted on the threshold of a hermitage. It was a narrow cell, carved out of the solid rock, and its rude recesses were illumined by the trembling light of one solitary taper. A crucifix stood against the wall, and Fedorina was creeping towards it to tell her beads, when, on a small table near the candle, she discovered a rosary and an illuminated black-letter missal. Joyfully she gazed on the hallowed objects, when she was startled by hearing a voice which proceeded from the inner part of the cell, to which the light could not penetrate. She half raised herself to listen, and caught indistinctly the following words:—"Stranger, whoever thou art, approach, and hear the last words of Father Geronymo." There was something in the tones of the voice that did not seem altogether unknown to her. She slipt noiselessly to the spot from which the voice proceeded, and on a low pallet on the ground she recognized a human figure in the extremity of weakness.

"Father," she said, "can a helpless female be of any use to you in your sad condition?"

"Ha! that voice!" exclaimed the hermit: "say—say, who art thou? speak! I have but a few minutes to live."

"I am Fedorina, the daughter of the Count Viterbo."

"Mysterious Heaven!" replied the dying man: "and doest thou thou not recognize me, lady? Theobaldo, the monk—the confessor of thy lady mother? Oh!"—Here some pang seemed to overcome him, but whether from mental or bodily suffering it was impossible to say.

"Rememberest thou not the Baron di Birndello?" continued the hermit, too ill to observe the start with which the name was received by the listening auditor. "When death had dissolved your mother's marriage with the Count Viterbo, the noblest of the land contended for her favor. She refused the most tempting offers, and poured her whole affection on the young Baron di Birndello."

"My mother!" exclaimed Fedorina: "impossible!"

"He resisted her offers; he despised the rank and wealth she was able and willing to bestow on him, for his affections were otherwise engaged, though I know not the object of his love."

Fedorina breathed more freely, and raised her eyes in thankfulness.

"But his coldness only added fresh impetuosity to the passion of the Countess Viterbo. She gave way to the ungovernable fury of her love, and"—— Here the voice of the hermit died away.

"And what? Oh, keep me not in suspense!" exclaimed Fedorina: "what did she do?"

"I know not," continued the hermit after a pause; "I know that her temper was inexorable, and I pressed her to be more open in her revelations, but she guarded her secret even at the confessional. At last, a year ago, the young Baron di Birndello suddenly disappeared. A woman whose love has been spurned is capable of any extent of cruelty in her revenge."

"Blessed St. Antonio!" cried Fedorina, "what dost thou think was his fate?"

"She had a castle in a remote part of the country; strange rumors got abroad of troops of horsemen, in the countess's livery, being seen on the borders of her Appenine estates. I left Viterbo in hopes of discovering his prison, if he is indeed imprisoned; but all my enquiries are vain. From every thing I can hear, I fear worst, and that she has"——

"Oh, say on—tell me all!" exclaimed Fedorina, clasping her hands: "let me know the worst. You think she—oh, I tremble to say the word—she murd——but no! no! she cannot have been so base." She kneeled beside the pallet of the hermit, and urged him to finish his eventful story, but her attempts were useless. The exertion had been too much for his strength, and after a few feeble efforts to clear his throat, he laid his head back on his pillow, and after three loud groans expired. Exhausted by all she had undergone, Fedorina fell senseless on the body of the deceased. Loud thunder roared around; lurid flashes of lightning glanced fitfully across the mouth of the cavern, and the rain fell in torrents on the roof. The taper was burned out, and when consciousness returned to the hapless maiden, she was in impenetrable darkness, while the elemental war [illegible] broke the slumbers of the terrified Fedorina. The light, feebly struggling through the still stormy clouds, cast a dismal hue on the interior of the cave. She wakened, and for a time was unconscious of her position; but the jagged walls, the oaken crucifix, the table and the rosary, recalled her to a knowledge of the events of the preceding day. She gazed on the features of the hermit as he lay in a state of calm which she found it difficult to believe to be indeed death, and not a profound sleep, and her heart sank within her as she thought on the utter loneliness of her situation. Nor was the information the dying father Geronymo had contributed, fitted to soothe her agitated mind—a murder, and of such a dreadful nature—to be perpetrated by a female hand, and that hand her mother's! 'Twas almost too much for her reason to support; but in reliance on the assistance of St. Antonio, and the purity of her own heart, she determined to continue the pursuit which the hermit had begun, and penetrate the mystery that shrouded the young baron's fate. Brought up together from infancy—for Birndello was the ward of her father—it is not surprising that their hearts were united in a mutual flame. Formed with every grace of body, and endowed with every ornament of mind, the youthful lovers adored each other, and were the admiration of every one who beheld them. The death of the Count Viterbo interrupted their dreams of happiness. The Countess interposed her power; and in the agony of a wounded spirit, Fedorina, who was endowed with the immense possessions of her aunt, left the paternal home which had been the witness of her happiest years—of her opening affections—and of their untimely blight; and, accompanied solely by the domestics we have mentioned at the commencement of our tale, had begun her journey to one of her largest properties in the vicinity of Lombardy. The meeting with the hermit, whom she recognised as having for many years been the confessor at her father's castle, turned the tide of her thoughts into other channels. She had loved her father—she had feared her mother—and now rose in her heart the determination to revenge the murder of her lover; if, as her fears too vividly suggested to her, the dagger of her imperious mother was actually steeped in Birndello's blood. As she revolved her future plans, her self-reliance gradually returned, and ere the sun had reached his mid-day throne, and poured a flood of splendor over the landscape, freshened by the storms of the night, she had taken her resolution. She doffed her feminine apparel, and encased her delicate form in the rough serge dress and coarse garments of father Geronymo. With careful hands she dug a grave for his inanimate remains at the side of the hermitage, and with some difficulty conveyed his attenuated corse to its last resting-place. With tears and prayers for the repose of his spirit, she spread the earth upon his tomb, and then returned to the cave to meditate on what he had told her ere he died. A spring which murmured at one side of her dwelling-place, supplied her with its liquid beverage, and in a small cupboard she discovered a copious supply of bread and vegetables, along with a considerable quantity of the common cheese of that neighborhood. These provisions had probably been laid in by the provident cares of the hermit before his illness, or had been supplied by the piety and charity of the surrounding peasants. However it was, she thanked St. Antonio for the gift, and ate of the bounties of providence with a grateful mind. Refreshed by her meal, she lifted the guitar with which the hermit appeared to have soothed his solitude, and touching its strings in the most melancholy manner, she sang in a voice of exquisite sweetness the following hymn:—

"When through the purple depths of air,
The ocean's rolling wave,
Tempestuous sorrows doom'd to care,
To rise in hope, in grief to dare—
Antonio save! Antonio save!

"When terror in its murky gloom,
Unused the soul to cheer,
Parts from the wonder of its doom—
Shines like a sunbeam on its tomb—
Antonio hear! Antonio hear!

"Oh! when the spirit wildly free,
Where hatred's lute is dumb,
Shrinks from the misery to be,
And like a dove returns to thee—
Antonio come! Antonio come!"

The last notes had scarcely died away, when her quick ear caught the sound of steps at the entrance of the cave. The guitar was immediately laid aside—the hood of the mantle drawn close forward over her face; and she had only time to seat herself in a dark part of the grotto, when the intruder entered. He was a tall, dark-eyed man, dressed as a huntsman; his short sword at his side, and carbine swung over his shoulder, showed that he was armed in defence of his master's game.

"Give you good-day," he said to the fictitious hermit, lifting his large broad-brimmed hat for a moment—"I expected to see thee as usual at the mouth of the cave."

Fedorina made some indistinct answer in a feigned voice, in which "age" and "sickness" were the only words that seemed to have been perceived.

"Illness!" said the man; "by our Lady of Grief, 'tis a pity thou'rt ill at the present time, just when thy ghostly help is most needed."

"In what way can I be useful?" enquired Fedorina.

"Come to the castle as the bell strikes seven to-night—but stay, thou hast never visited the castle—hast thou?"

Fedorina answered in the negative.

"Then 'tis easy to give thee directions how to find it. At two hundred yards distance in the wood, thou wilt discover a waterfall—ascend the stream for half-a-mile, and in a mountain gorge on the left, the castle gates will be before thee."

"But wherefore am I required? I seldom leave my home—I am unused to such exertion."

"'Twill do thee good, holy father; and if thou wilt enquire at the buttery hatch for Pietro Manzoni, thou wilt not be displeased with thine entertainment—fail not at the hour I have mentioned, for great events depend on thy punctuality. As for me, I hate blood flowing without the blessing of the priest."

"Blood! Gracious Madonna of Misericordia!" exclaimed Fedorina—but checking herself, she added in her assumed voice, "Be it so, my son—I will not fail thee—farewell, and benedicite!"

"Fare-thee-well, my good Geronymo," replied the huntsman, not heeding her agitation, and retired from the cave.

"Blood! blood!" she repeated to herself when again left alone—"holy Antonio, for what trials am I reserved? My visiter looks fierce and bold but not cruel—Oh! what is the business for which I am required? And how am I to comfort myself?" These meditations occupied her till it was time to proceed on her journey; and, breathing a prayer for the assistance of St. Antonio and all saints, she seized the walking-staff of the deceased father Geronymo, and walked tremblingly from her cell. She directed her course as she had been instructed by the huntsman, and following the small brook upwards, she arrived in a short time at the castle gates. It seemed an old building, which had been suffered in many places to go to decay. The turrets were grey with age, the moat of the draw-bridge was dry, and through the iron railings she saw that the outward courtyard was covered with grass. Every thing around her gave it the appearance of desertion and desolation; and it was only when she saw an aged porter advance towards the gate with a bunch of massive keys at his girdle, in answer to her summons, that she could persuade herself the mansion was inhabited.

"Holy father!" said the porter, throwing open the wicket, "it rejoices me to see you in this castle, which for so many years has been unblest with a reverend visiter."

"Is there then no holy man in this house?" enquired Fedorina.

"None—for I can't believe"—here the porter paused, and looked anxiously around to see that no one could overhear him—"I cannot believe that Father Anselmo is a son of Mother Church."

"No! he lives here?—why, then, am I sent for?"

"That you will learn ere long—but for this, Father Anselmo, I have my suspicions," added the porter, leading the way under a low archway. "His hand, I take it, is readier for his sword-handle than his breviary; his only crucifix is the hilt of his dagger—a fearful man, a fearful man!" The porter would apparently have gone on in his communications, if he had not been interrupted by a voice in the dark passage into which they had entered.

"Babbling fool!" it said, "conduct the priest where thou art ordered, and be silent."

"Ha! pardon, holy father, good Father Anselmo—I was but telling this holy man that—that—the night was cold."

Another indignant exclamation of "fool" was the only reply to the terrified old man's prevarication, and the cowled figure of a tall, dark man stalked hurriedly past the pair.

"I am a dead man," said the old man—"that was Father Anselmo—he heard what I said. Oh! I am a dead man!"

"Fear not," said Fedorina, wishing to comfort her companion, although greatly alarmed herself,—"no evil will befall you from the enmity of a holy priest."

"Of an incarnate fiend," replied the porter in a low tone—and continued his way without uttering another word.

"Whither do you guide me?" enquired Fedorina, who perceived that they had now left the main body of the castle, and were walking towards a dark tower, of which the upper portion was in ruins, and all overgrown with ivy.

"To the donjon cells," replied the porter. "I will wait for thee at the door, and conduct thee out again to her when thy task is done."

"What task is mine?" asked Fedorina, anxiously.

"That in truth, I know not," said the porter, "but it will be a short shrift, I guess; for the voice of Father [illegible] he added, taking [illegible] "[illegible] etc. immense [illegible] (of England,) Author of "Cakes and "Descen[illegible] of Paris," etc. gallery—[illegible] hand, and [illegible] of the keys and apply[illegible] Fedorina [illegible] door in the centre of the [illegible] her guardian pro[illegible] you will find yourself [illegible] with this lantern in [illegible] The walls were damp [illegible] the horrors of the scene [illegible] breathing an orison to venomous reptiles, awakened at [illegible] descend the steps were unaccustomed; and bats flew [illegible] she descended incredible numbers, gibbering and scre[illegible] newts, and rushed out from the dark recesses of the [illegible] which they caverns. Fedorina, nevertheless, boldly pursued her [illegible] and was startled when she heard a feeble voice issuing from the corner of the dungeon, and saying,

"Tempt me no more, base woman—your threats and promises are equally in vain! But ha! what is this—you have sent me a priest; then I know that you have relented at last, and art going to let death put an end to my sufferings. Welcome holy man! I hail your coming as a harbinger of a release from pain!"

"And art thou prepared to die?" said Fedorina, lifting her lantern so as to throw the light on the countenance of the prisoner. A face met her view, squalid and pale—the eyes were glaring, and the cheeks attenuated to the utmost degree of thinness; long masses of hair fell over the countenance, and mingled with the clotted beard that rolled over the breast. It was a dreadful sight, and Fedorina shuddered as she looked.

"Prepared to die?" replied the prisoner; "seest thou my face? this dungeon? this wasted body? these miserable eyes? and ask me if I am prepared to *live.* Oh! had it not been for one prevailing wish, one absorbing, burning, overmastering desire, these hollows should long ago have re-echoed with my last sighs! It is revenge! the one glittering hope that has cheered me through all the countless ages during which I have been immured. Revenge! the feast of gods!—ha, ha, ha!"—and, in a paroxysm of excitement, the prisoner threw himself back on the ground, from which he had half arisen. Fedorina was shocked and terrified.

"Calm yourself, my son," she said soothingly; for she feared that insanity was mixed with the vehemence of the prisoner's words. "You should banish such awful thoughts. You know not at what hour you may be called upon to die."

"Hear me, holy father, ere you ask me to be calm. I loved and was beloved by the fairest, the noblest, the purest; but hush! of that dread secret let me say no more. Sufficient that I was deceived—that in absence she forgot me—that she yielded to the entreaties of another—that at the altar, in vowing herself to another, she trampled on her truth and on my soul! Yes! my soul withered from the hour I heard of her apostacy! and even from this wretched prison—with these emaciated hands held up—with this trembling voice, I curse her! Ah! no, no! I curse her not. Holy father! hast thou no balm for a tortured heart like mine! She was deceived—she was not false; and her foes and mine shall not tear from me the last consolation that remains—the belief that she loves me still."

Fedorina was afflicted with the agony of the prisoner's grief, and remained silent when he had ceased to speak.

"Sir priest," said a harsh voice in a whisper at her ear, "methinks thou art slow in executing thy task. Take his confession—shrive him, and begone."

Fedorina looked at the person who addressed her. It was a tall figure, enveloped in sable garments, and deeply veiled.

"Who art thou?" enquired Fedorina, "and how did'st thou gain admission to this cell?"

"Answer me not, caitiff, but finish thy office. Hath he confessed?"

"What whispers are those in the dark?" exclaimed the prisoner, raising himself on his elbow. "I thought I heard the mutterings of the tigress before her spring. Is it thou, wretchedest of women? Leave me, I tell thee. Thy presence is more pestilential than the slimy and creeping things that crawl over my couch. Away! I defy thee!"

"Thou knowest not the fate that awaits thee, if my last efforts to save thee are refused. How sayest thou—wealth, boundless as wish can claim—rank that may satisfy the most ambitious—and love that shall never know diminution!—or, a lingering death in this lone dungeon, unless, indeed, it be exchanged for the torturing rack! Choose!"

"Caresses from hands dripping with blood!—kisses from lips polluted with sin! Away! give me the rack, and leave me to my own thoughts!"—screamed the prisoner, clenching his withered hand.

"Then—to thine office, priest!" said the veiled stranger, "and visit me in the dark chamber when thy work is done." And casting a scowl on the unhappy victim of her cruelty, she rapidly retired.

Fedorina applied herself as well as she was able in her assumed character to comfort the afflicted man; but his efforts had been too much for his strength, and he [illegible] apparently unconscious of her presence. She [illegible] to retire, when suddenly, by a great effort, [illegible] self, he said—

"Father, take this paper. In it [illegible] If thou succeedest in escaping fro[illegible] make my misfortune known—[illegible] live, return!"

Fedorina took the packet [illegible] dress. The voice of the [illegible] patiently calling her [illegible]

upon their heads, as they knelt before him and besought his benediction on their nuptials; and with hearts oppressed by the strangeness of the scenes they had witnessed, they left the chamber—the theatre of so fearful a catastrophe—and after a short repose, to recruit their exhausted strength, they returned to the Calabrian estates of Count Viterbo. Father Anselmo was an honored inmate of the castle, and Pardomo and Giannetta were married, and advanced to the dignity of major-domo and house-keeper. And it only remains to add, that in all the extent of lovely Italy there is not a happier household than that of the young Baron di Biondello and the beautiful Fedorina.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:
Saturday Morning, September 24.

CINCINNATI AGENCY.

Messrs. Robinson and Jones,—the former for several years a clerk in our office, whose abilities, industry and perfect integrity, merited under all circumstances approval; and the latter a young man of unexceptionable character and strict business habits—have opened an establishment in Cincinnati, for the sale of our own and other periodicals published in this city. We cordially commend them to our friends of the "Queen City," who wish to obtain eastern journals or magazines.

Redding & Co. No. 8 State Street, Boston, are agents for the Saturday Evening Post, and receive subscriptions for the year, as well as *sell single copies of the paper*. It will be found on their counter every Saturday morning.

☞ G. W. Chapman, Esq. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post, Graham's Magazine, and the Ladies' World of Fashion, for Jacksonville, Illinois, and its vicinity.

THE MURDER IN NEW YORK.

We are gratified to learn that Sullivan, one of the principal agents in getting up the late fight in New York, which resulted in the death of McCoy, has been arrested and committed to prison as an accessary to the murder. The Common Council of New York has judiciously offered a reward of $200 for information that will convict any of the principals in the brutal contest, and another of $50, for evidence that shall result in the conviction of an accessary. There is some reason to hope that the action of the authorities will be so prompt and exemplary as to prevent all future exhibitions of the kind in that quarter. The New York *Tribune*, one of the very few journals that exert a powerful and uniformly healthful moral influence in our large cities, in a series of articles has within a few days discussed this subject with great ability. Thomas McCoy is dead, from blows inflicted in a gambling fist-fight with Christopher Lilly. In the eyes of all law, Lilly is guilty of manslaughter, if not of wilful murder. "But who," asks the Tribune, "will say that he alone is guilty? Who does not know that in the eyes of law, justice and common sense, the seconds, backers, &c., are equally so, and the seconds of McCoy, if possible, more so? Lilly and his seconds protested against continuing the fight after McCoy had been mangled beyond hope of victory; but McCoy's seconds insisted that 'He ain't half licked yet,' and continued to place him on his feet to fight. But were these all the guilty? Law and Justice again thunder out their emphatic negative. The *spectators*, who crowded to the ground to see two men pound each other out of the likeness of Humanity, and stood by to see it done without resistance, were guilty. The *owners and officers of steamboats*, who knowingly and willingly conveyed them to the battle-ground, were guilty. The *Police*, who knew that this fight was getting up, yet took no efficient means to prevent it, were guilty. The *keepers of groggeries* and dens of vice, in which pugilism is practiced, encouraged, honored and promoted, are guilty. And *that portion* of the *Press* which has published advertisements of fights to take place, with flash reports of those which have occurred—which sends reporters to the battle-ground and dishes up a lively, admiring account of 'Round 1,' '2,' '3,' &c., embellished with the choice *terms* of 'the fancy'—are deeply guilty. We will say nothing of their patrons—will carry the scrutiny no farther at present. We have already culprits enough. Now let us inquire by whom these brutalities are got up.

THE LATE COTTON CROP.

The returns of the cotton crop for the year ending on the 31st of August are now complete. The whole crop has been one million, six hundred and eighty-three thousand, five hundred and seventy-four bales. This is an increase of forty-eight thousand, six hundred and twenty-nine bales over the crop of last year. The stock on hand at the beginning of the year was seventy-two thousand, four hundred and seventy-nine bales. The supply, therefore, was one million, seven hundred and fifty-six thousand, and fifty-three bales. The whole export for the year has been as follows:

To Great Britain,	935,631	
" France,	398,129	
" North of Europe,	79,956	
" Other foreign ports,	51,533	
Total export,		1,465,248
Last years export,		1,313,277
Increase,		151,972

The consumption of the year's supply has been as follows:

			Bales.
Total crop of United States, as above stated,			1,683,574
And			
Stocks on hand at the commencement of the year, 1st Sept. 1st, 1841,			
In the Southern ports,		27,479	
In the Northern ports,		45,000	
			72,479
Makes a supply of			1,756,053
Deduct therefrom—			
The export to foreign ports,	1,465,249		
Less Texas and other foreign,	10,393		
		1,454,856	
Stocks on hand at the close of the year, 1st September, 1842,			
In the Southern ports,	13,307		
In the Northern ports,	18,500		
		31,107	
Burnt and lost at N. Orleans,	950		
Burnt and lost at Savannah,	450		
Burnt and lost at Charleston,	140		
		1540	
			1,488,203
Consumed by manufacturers,			267,850

To show the gradual increase in the home consumption we present the following table, embracing sixteen years. The consumption, for the last year, in consequence of the general depression of business, shows a partial falling off, but still exceeds the consumption of any former years, excepting those of 1839, '40, and '41.

Home Consumption.

	bales.		bales.
1841—2,	267,850	1833—4,	196,413
1840—1,	297,288	1832—3,	194,412
1839-40,	295,193	1831—2,	173,800
1838—9,	276,018	1830—1,	182,142
1837—8,	246,063	1829-30,	126,512
1836—7,	222,540	1828—9,	118,853
1835—6,	236,733	1827—8,	120,593
1834—5,	216,888	1826—7,	103,483

We close our remarks by inserting a table of the cotton crop for the last eighteen years. Our readers have now a birds-eye view of the whole subject.

Total crop of	bales.	Total crop of	bales.
1824—5,	560,000	1833—4,	1,205,394
1825—6,	710,000	1834—5,	1,254,328
1826—7,	947,000	1835—6,	1,360,725
1827—8,	712,000	1836—7,	1,422,930
1828—9,	875,744	1837—8,	1,801,497
1829-30,	976,845	1838—9,	1,360,532
1830—1,	1,038,848	1839-40,	2,177,835
1831—2,	987,477	1840—1,	1,634,945
1832—3,	1,070,438	1841—2,	1,683,574

We are indebted, for most of these statistics, to the "New York Shipping and Commercial List." From present appearances, the ensuing crop will exceed that of last year by several hundred thousand bales.

A MILITARY FESTIVAL.

The opening of the Pennsylvania Military, Literary, and Scientific Institute, under the superintendence of Capt. Partridge, was celebrated with much display at Bristol, Pa. on Tuesday. A large party of volunteers from Philadelphia visited the academy, when a procession was formed as follows:

First—Band of Music.

Second—Committee of Arrangements.

Third—Citizens six abreast under the command of Col. George K. Childs. Charles Johnson and P. Barry Hays, aids. Band of Music.

Fourth—The Military under command of Col. Page, consisting of the Washington Grays, Philadelphia Grays, State Fencibles, National Guards, Union Fencibles, Montgomery Hibernia Guards, Irish Volunteers.

In front of the college the procession was received by Capt. Partridge, after which addresses were delivered by Ovid F. Johnson, Attorney General of the State, and Capt. Partridge. The troops then dined. The Union Fencibles and Philadelphia Grays then fired at targets for medals. Sergeant Higgs of the former, and Corporal Carels and Sergeant Otter of the latter corps were the victors. At half-past five the troops were again under arms and returned to Philadelphia in the steamboat. About six thousand persons, from all parts of the county, were on the ground during the day.

THE MORMON CITY.

The Mormon city of Nauvoo has grown to be quite a considerable place.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF TWO STEAMSHIPS.

Great Britain—France—Spain—Portugal—Russia—India—China—Turkey—Syria—Miscellaneous, &c.

The steamer Great Western, which left Bristol on the 3d inst., arrived at New York last Saturday evening; and the Acadia, from Liverpool, bringing one day's later intelligence, reached Boston on Sunday afternoon. We have by these arrivals sixteen days later dates than had previously been received.

Great Britain.

The most important intelligence is, that the insurrection in the manufacturing and mining districts, having spent its violence, was subsiding, and that the restoration of tranquillity was becoming general. Though in many of the manufacturing towns the workmen still remained out, yet the quarrel had become one only between masters and men; not partaking in the least degree of a national character. The cry of the mob was "more wages," and not "the Charter or no work." A number of the deluded men who took a leading part in the recent disturbances had been apprehended, and it was expected that a special commission would be shortly granted for their trial, and that the nominations for it would soon be made. It was expected that in a few days all the hands yet out would return to their employment. One account from Manchester states, however, that all the power-loom weavers, and a great portion of the fine spinners, are still out, and some persons accuse the manufacturers of being implicated in the prolonged cessation of work, in order to get rid of their large stocks, which they have been enabled to do at a considerable advance in the prices. From the London Times of September 3d, we learn that a factory at Stockport was violently stopped, but the rioters were afterward arrested. On the 2d, at Westbromwich, the colliers who had returned to their work, were driven from it by a large body of turn-outs. The military were called out and succeeded in dispersing the rioters, two of whom in their flight were drowned in crossing the Birmingham canal. It was reported that Sir Robert Peel's house, Drayton Manor, had been burned down, but the report had no foundation. An anonymous letter had been received by Lady Peel, acquainting her that an attack would be made upon Drayton Manor House; and she having communicated the letter to the authorities, it was deemed prudent to obtain the assistance of the military. "Fortunately," says the correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, "there was no necessity for their attendance, as no attack whatever, nor the least appearance of it took place; indeed there was not a man to be seen during the day, in the neighborhood, whose appearance could indicate any intention of mischief. The dragoons arrived about three o'clock, and were regaled at the mansion; as were also a number

SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$1 if paid in advance, $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "Post" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names and residences.

If by letters will not be taken from the Post-office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if payment is due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for papers.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, whether which it is difficult to keep accounts. They should also give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, for one year, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Remember most always state the Post-office concerned; for as well as to what the paper is to be addressed.

A CAUTION TO BOOKSELLERS.

When publishers or authors send us books for review, we frequently find them made for the sake of the book case by the wrongs of booksellers through whom they are sent. For instance, here is a copious shadow reached us, after considerable delay, some months ago from Boston. The "fly leaf" one of them had been inspected by the elements, and the "Author's Edition" ——. More recently, a distinguished writer with whom we have the honor to be acquainted, sent to us a copy of his last work, with the following certificate of presentation, neatly written in front of the title. An paperiment booksellor who had been commissioned to degrade it, scratched under our name "*For Sale by* ——." Had the greatest of living poets sent through this channel a copy of his distinguished friend in this country the most splendid copy of his writings he could procure, with the inscription, "*To the Right Reverend W. Shakspeare from his friend W. Wordsworth*," the envelope would have been torn off, and under the poet's autograph would have been scribbled "*For Sale by* ——." We know of no remedy for this, but the courage such impertinence, than to refuse to give any notice whatever of a book so defiled. If we ever depart from this rule, we shall be sure to notify the fact that the seller's name who mars the volume's beauty by writing in it his advertisement. If such a person wishes to earn remuneration for the service, he can send the book and give his address on the envelope of the volume he may be commissioned to deface.

TEMPERANCE TRIUMPH.

Mr. Williams, a Temperance lecturer in the West, has obtained 100,000 names to the pledge in a year, is, thirty-five thousand, eight hundred and fifty signatures to the pledge, in Western Pennsylvania, in a month, and this without counting those in Pittsburg, where he has, with others, made great efforts. Of the number mentioned above, nine-tenths are doubtless genuine, and will be kept sacredly, all of whom left the business. In Pittsburg, within three weeks, over three hundred have joined the Cold Water Army. Give us a Temperance lecturer like this man combined with a temperate population, and we will have, in twenty years, a nation such as the sun never yet shone on."

LIEUT. WILKES.

Lieut. Charles Wilkes has published his defence from the charges on which he was recently tried by the Naval Court Martial. His defence, we believe, speaks of it as its able performance, and says the writer meets every charge with great fulness of detail, and puts them in a very different light from that in which they appeared to the considerable acerbity of feeling is shown, as to natural enough, at the conclusion of which he gives certificates of merit, all of whom left the business. In Pittsburg, within three weeks, over three hundred have joined the Cold Water Army. Give us a Temperance lecturer like this man combined with a temperate population, and we will have, in twenty years, a nation such as the sun never yet shone on."

BETTER TIMES.

Now that better times are at hand, and many persons who have hitherto been their own barbers will seek for a cool hair-dresser, we cannot do better than call their patrons to call at the establishment of Mr. Nichlos, North Ninth street near Race. If good accommodations, experienced aids, the most tolerant and courteous attention and last nearness entitle any one of his craft to patronage, then is Mr. Nichlos fully deserving of general support. We again call the attention of our readers to the superior attentions for years past, and never having sought to be "puffed" in the columns of the Saturday Post, the Author of the Courier can also testify to Mr. Nichlos' skill.

FRENCH COLONIAL ISLANDS.

From late accounts it is apparent that the French Colonial Islands are in a deplorable condition, and the Courrier des Etats Unis has published them early in November last. At Martinique, St. Pierre, Guadaloupe, Pointe-a-Pitre, the distresses are the greatest, and petitions are put forth to the Republic praying for relief. Even the Isle of Bourbon, Pic, determined to cross her ladies by an appeal to Louis and accepted, the petition was signed by the authority of the municipal council, and —penned from a bottle by fa-

ver that the New York Courier he hereunto prude, which we The publishers of both the ing and printing have been arranged, and of the schooner Vigilant, stab nor, at the Bellaire, with a sheath in his left breast struck, it is supposed that he was ex- sent when he committed that rash

ALDEN'S MUSICAL ACADEMY.

We notice the attendance of our readers to this city to the advertisement of Mr. Alden, teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music. His abilities as a teacher, and his character as a gentleman are well known to our citizens, that it is unnecessary only to mention that his academy is open, and that his terms are *calculated for the times*, to ensure for him full classes.

Literary Intelligence, &c.

☞ The Paris *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 1st contains an article signed Rossi, and entitled, "L'Irlandaise: the affair of Clouder." It proposes to be a refutation of Mr. Wheaton's argument on the American side, in the Paris Review of Legislation. Rossi handles the whole matter roughly, and declares that the report for Mr. Wheaton's character and other writings. He affirms that the American profession is condemned equally by humanity and by law. He says that the United States have a right to contest a claim of search, as we when no treaty stipulates exists, and also a right to accept or decline any proposition on the subject; but, in his opinion, the affair of the Creole is demonstrably one of *individuals* on the high seas, and not of *property* on the matter of option or favor, independently of treaties; and to *justice*, he adds, should be expected for the maintenance of slavery. He suggests that the question can be thought was, by force, is not a crime for foreign nations, whatever it may be in America; that the human being can never again be accepted in the public law as a mere merchandise, and so forth. He rests on the British grounds generally, with which you are acquainted. He says that the negotiation that the President at Nineveh in Polonia political offences were to rise on their keepers, kill them, and escape their fetters, and in the case of the Russia consent to demand them of the French Government, or would any Frenchman listen to such a demand?

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☞ Mr. Nuttall, the botanist, whose name has become so much identified with American plants, has lately come in possession of a large and splendid fortune, estimated at £100,000 sterling, and upward, by the decease of some of his relations in England.

☞ Colonel Thomas L. McKenney delivered a discourse on the evening last week at Portland, in Maine, which is highly spoken of, on the origin of the White American Indians. Colonel McKenney holds that the Indians are the lost tribes of Tartar origin; that they, of this number peopled on their arrival, and in their gradually exterminated the original possessors of the country. The proof these gentlemen, he cited Lady and a large number of other facts, to establish the identity of *identity* between the two races; in the Indian tongues, and Germanic origin. The latter position, he points to the well-constructed, well-ventilated, and well-built fortifications found scattered from the great Lakes to Florida—the same—gates, curves, &c.—altogether superior to any thing our Indians ever knew. We are yet been known to pro-

☞ Mr. Kinne, who, we understand, has obtained much notoriety on Blackstone's Commentaries, has now in press Inflation, and is regarded as the Author of an Imprisonment for Debt, which will be found in a very interesting manner of treating the subject. Its contents are the following extract from the preface: "Debt is a word from work.—In, or is not, imprisonment of the forbearing barbarians? is it right or wrong? is it just? is it the right? Is it not a shame? Read and ponder in most *Inns for judge*. They embody the law of ——— States and Territories as it now ——."

☞ In the third report of the deputy Keeper of the public records of Great Britain, Sir F. Palgrave, the intendant of the Inventory of the legal records of the Tower, there is a curious document which seems never to have been destroyed, but which have recently been discovered among the records of the Court of Queen Elizabeth. It is a petition addressed to the Queen by the natives of the institution of the eventful reign of Henry VIII. The list of these records is highly interesting to the present time.

☞ The German Quarterly, contains a republication of the letters written by his Excellency, Baron Rosnie Ernest Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the King of Prussia, to Washington, to the Hon. Mr. Jenifer, which made its first public appearance in the National Intelligencer. The Baron and his letter have been the subject of much recently loaded, and the vast advantages which both countries would derive from a more direct and frequent intercourse, fresh upon it great weight.

☞ A portrait of M. Guizot, painted by the artist Healey, the manifest gift of several American citizens in Paris, has been placed by the President in the chapel of the National Institute in Washington. The whole affair is very honorable to the parties who have interested themselves in conferring this favor on the public and has been executed from a fine miniature, which has paid his liberal tribute to the genius of Washington.

☞ "The Conspirator," is the last of the series of Tales of the Revolution, by Mrs. Embury, of New York and for sale by Zeiber of this city. It is an original work, by a lady, and is founded on the career of Aaron Burr, and the plot of his conspiracy. Under the appearance of Alonzo, and Blennerhassett under that of Fitzgerald. Abundance of love is interwoven with the story, as might be expected from a fair author.

☞ Harper & Brothers have issued another number of their select specimens of novels, containing the Pact of Blood of Bulwer, the justly celebrated and for the low price of twenty-five cents. The work itself is too universally known to the reading public to require a lengthened recommendation at this late day. Harpers, No 3, Ledger Building, is the agent of the publishers.

☞ One of the most eminent Oriental scholars of the age, Professor Lee, of the University of Cambridge, and yet his education was acquired during the moments of leisure which he found while employed as a journeyman carpenter. His English has but Leonard Carpenter.—New England, by Leonard Blacksmith.

☞ The Daily Evening Courrier is the title of a new paper, just commenced in this city by Wedding Atwell, Esq. It is political, and advocates the principles of Henry Clay. Mr. Atwell is one of the most spirited writers in the country, and will doubtless make a paper every way acceptable to his political friends.

☞ We see it stated on the New York Courier and Enquirer, that Mr. George A. Ward, of that city, has it in contemplation to publish a work on the Natural History of Samuel Curwen, Esq., a Judge of Admiralty of Massachusetts before the Revolution, who took refuge in England during the war.

☞ A new monthly magazine, entitled "Young Ladies' Miscellany," has been started at Utica. Its name indicates its character. Its leader is Female Education," in very sensibly and agreeably written.

☞ The publication of the works of Mr. Dickens, relating to this country, is called "American Notes for General Circulation," and "A Visit to America," have early in November by Lea & Blanchard, in one volume.

☞ The Marquis of Londonderry's steam tour to Constantinople is made the occasion of a number of social and official parties, that he named "The Marquises Quarrelsome by the Way."

☞ Mr. Longacres, the great bookseller, died in London recently from a fall of his horse. He leaves about half a million sterling to his sons, who will still carry on the business.

☞ A new dash City paper, entitled "The Tropic," was recently issued at New Orleans. It is intended not to be wholly political, but to be devoted also to commercial interests.

☞ A literary gentleman of Cincinnati contemplates a collection and compilation of the writings of Timothy Flint, the historian of the Mississippi Valley. Noonday Editor, &c.

☞ The editor of the New York Albion has proposed to a number of British authors, to reprint their works for the benefit, it, at cost and charges, and to remit to them the profits.

☞ Capt. Marryatt, sometimes a new novel, entitled "Percival Keene," which seems to promise the best he has written. The scenes are *calculated for the times*, to ensure for him full classes.

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Notices of New Works.

Tribune.—Chambers and New York Publishers.—Philadelphia.—Harry of Yarl Reynel, double, this is the most beautiful issue of modernization, yet published in this country. Some every respect American, it may be regarded as a large work of national celebration. But we have produced nothing like such high attainments in art. The engravings are slight in number, all engraved by American artists, except portraits by native artists. The frontispiece, Mary's Dream," is from the splendid pencil of Mr. Chapman, and "Annie Laurie" from the D. Huntington, of New York, a young painter of promise to raise the most eminent of his profession in this country, if he will only devote his exquisite talents to the study. The "Nessa Boy," by Inman, the "Madonna and Child," by Huntington, and the beautiful heads by W. Cheney, we have never seen surpassed in other parts of the English annuals. These pictures are—"The Last Cup," by Sully; the "Melina Trilby," by Chapman; and "Ina Gray," by Chapman, has been engraved by John Cheney, R. W. Dodson, and A. J. Pease. The literary contents of the work are to be fully equal to those of the previous numbers by Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Sigourney, Alfred B. Street, and others, have contributed poems; and the sentiments of "A Nor Home," Editor A. Poe, John Inman, Seba Smith, H. B. Hirchell, Mr. Simms, and others, tales and sketches. The story entitled "The Cabin Wager," by Mr. Simms, is one of that gentleman's most original and best tales. The "Sketches of Artists," by Chapman, have

Gems from the Poets.

THE SEA SIDE WALK.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT

We walked by the sea.
After a day when it presented silently
Of no remarkable—like the pressure round,
Who, considering the Cartoon, scratched and sneered,
Uttered with lurking breath, "Ha, nursery?"
And stuck silver, on loop of color, palm—
He runs the Arab race.

The sky closed on shared
An universal and unmeaning cheer
Answer the wheel from the hills did let us see
Only the outline of the sea—
Only the outline—where, gone it in the crowd:
And shining with a phosphorescent fire, water
Sowing as the moon had taught her.

Now moon, our eyes were set
They did not dare to tread so soon about.
Though trembling as the shadow of the sea
The light was never night's nor day's, but one
Which, like the hour's between day's misery in dreams,
And silence's imprisonment breathing round,
Seemed wandering out round.

Oh solemn—hearing heart
Of Nature! I have knowledge that thou art
Round unto man's; by cords he cannot sever—
And, what time they are shuddered by him ever,
So to sense his own infernal part,
Still unawed by reflection that not strong,
The shuddered cord along.

For though we turned spoke
Of water colorless and shaded rock,
Dark wave and scene, unconsciously, were fused
Into the plaintive speaking that we used,
Of shame and sorrow, and of unmerited hatred.
Thus, with our touch strike's shore, we had
Sere, haply, each was one.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

BY WALLER

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When sweets and fair she seems to be
When I resemble the violet—so we came on.

Tell her that's young,
And every day he her graces spoil,
That bud of thou spring
Out-strips her virgin growth, and more shine
Than one more school her unheeded deed

Smell to the earth
Of virgin's love be light rotted.
Tell her some forth,
Suffer spend to be devised,
And not bleak as to be admired.

Then day rises day
The common fine of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Lever's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MY LOVE'S WALK.

How shall I trace this, the happiest period of my life? when days and weeks rolled on, and left no track behind, save in that delicious calm that stole over my senses gradually and overpoweringly. Each morning saw me on my way to Castle Bellew: the mountain-path that led up from the little strand was now familiar to my steps, and I knew in every turn and winding, exactly at what dog-rose bloomed along the way with which I had not grown familiar. And I have often laughed to myself at how I—for I was happy! The clouds that moved there—the feeling that flowed beneath; the motion of the shore; the shells I—were all to me as though I had known them from boyhood. For so it is, that the glad moments we cling to all things that surround us, and giving to external nature the high coloring of our own hearts, we feel how beautiful is the world when our own mind will all tranquil; for often, and often, have, some passing thought would steal across me, to make me sad—but I urge ever to dismiss it, and with it the cynical prejudices of my family. I dare to say, I have never managed them so my whole life, as since I have been daughter of the wild scenes that I have ventured, to the last, to whom all my early affections had been given, and whose memory, I thought had I to make her fame while friends in England, I had to take her from the wild life, and the wilder taste, by long habituation, which she had formed herself, the more to become my wife. Whether I had I to make her unfavorable nature would when the world of rebellious spirit, that would seem to have left me, and those stored with the fairest flowers of fancy, which makes our love to be the most powerful barrier has been opposed to me, and when I see it is either, that is the case of love and trials of life, we discover those deeper recesses of our heart, that before happiness that is the dormant and unknown? I was, I am sure, much more reflective as those days, than I had been before, or have since, nor have I ever been more resolutely bent than ever, by song or wit, to beg my fortune with her own.

Though I ventured each night to the priest's cottage, my days were mainly spent at Castle Bellew. How well we do I remember every little accident that marked their tranquil course! The small breakfast parlor, with the old Tudor window looking out upon the flower-garden, how often have I paused it, impatient for the moment of turning over and over to the opening one, where the old lawler, with the venerable habiliment of his kind, considerably apparent with some portion of the breakfast equipage here I started to escape distant door would shut or open—some fan-tail swoop on the stair; and wonder within myself why she not some of this repeated longing. And when, at last, tortured with anxiety and disappointment, I had turned away towards the window of the garden seat, the rustling dress, and, more than all, the understanding nothing that she was near, that she was her love scruples her coming—is! the reason of that moment! With what a fervid glow of pleasure I sprang to meet her—to touch her hand and look, more than all, of greeting, to, and her father's evening might unless with even this short-lived period of happiness; and, after all, a little morning from the Arts themselves, upon the last I spoke them!

They followed me trouble through the large but neglected garden, where the well-blossoming fruit-tree arched the walks, looked with all the fragrance of such a wild flower. Now strolling somewhat—about, but full of thought, we trod some dark and shaded alley; now entering upon some rage glade, where a view of the fine-fall mountains would break upon us, or where some chance seen showed the deep blue misty seen swelling with soft tints rose against the rocky coast.

How often, at such times as these, have I asked myself if I could look for greater happiness than this! I remember, on turning from the stupendous majesty of Nature, to look into her own whose glance met mine so full of tender meaning; while words would pass between us, few and loosened, but all so thrilling—their very accent spoke of love. Yet, until all this, some agonizing doubt would shoot across me, that my affection was not returned; the very fondness of her nature made me fear and when we parted at night, and I held my homeward way towards the paternal residence, it would stop of feeling for time, coming and every word she spoke, calling to mind each passing endearment; and if by accident some passing word of yet—some look of raillery, reserved to my memory, how have the scenes been rushed to my eyes, as, with my heart full to bursting, I muttered to myself, "She loves me not!" Then how would days give way to hope, as to my mind's eye she stood before me, all tenderness in voice, and sweetness in every expression, I had my lonely path, longing for the morrow, when we should meet again, when I would wither my heart to and my life if doubt by asking if she loved me. But with that morrow came the same spell of timidity that foiled me; and like the gambler who had set his life upon the die, and dare not look on, so did I turn away, trembling fear from beginning the chance that might in a moment dispel the bright dream of my existence, and leave life bleak and barren to me forever.

The month of August was coming to a close, as we wandered out for evening towards the sea-shore. There was a little path which wound down the side of a deep ravine, partly by steps—partly by a kind of sloping way, formed at the sides by a wide water-course, rushing which in the rainy season, but now quite dry, and clothed with wild flowers and creeping plants. Down this we were slowly descending, when I suddenly stopped up, and looked up into her own, as I said, "Lucy, dearest, I have a question to ask you, and I know you will answer me truly."

"Now mamma, now mamma," said the young man, rising, and evidently more annoyed than he felt disposed to confess, "I'll tell you all about it. Don't be angry, mamma, I'll tell you all about it. Only don't look so, and don't speak to me in that way, mamma, and